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THE

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FESTIVAL OF HUMOUR;

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OR,

BANQUET OF WIT.

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF THE BEST

ANECDOTES,  
REPARTEES,  
BON MOTS,  
EPIGRAMS,  
WHIMSICAL *and*

LAUGHABLE ADVENTURES,  
EPITAPHS,  
CURIOUS LOVE LETTERS, &c. &c. &c.

CALCULATED AT ONCE

TO BANISH CARE, AND PROMOTE MIRTH AND  
HARMONY.

—●—  
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—  
1800.



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THE  
FESTIVAL OF HUMOUR.

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*On a Bailiff.*

**H**ERE lies a Bailiff, who oft arrested men,  
And for large bribes did let them go again;  
Now seiz'd by death, no gold can set him free,  
For death's a catchpole against a fee.

*Anecdote of Mr. Wilkes.*

Mr. Wilkes going to the King's Head chop-house in Paternoster Row with a friend, in order to observe the humours of the place, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his *steak*, as he called it. Mr. W. in the mean time asking him some common questions, received a very brutal answer; the *steak* coming at that instant, Mr. W. turned to his friend, saying, see the difference between the *City* and the *Bear-garden*: in the latter the *Beer* is  
B brought

brought to the *stake*; but here the *steak* is brought to the *Bear*.

*Risque of being buried alive.*

A gentleman who had been in the East Indies, saying it was customary there to bury the dead within twenty-four hours after their decease; an Irish Lady present observed, "She hoped she should not *die in India*, as in that case she should run a *risque* of being *buried alive*."

*Denial of Christ.*

Mr. Heymen having exhibited a miserable picture of Peter denying Christ; a Wag observed, that any one would have denied *such a Christ*.

*The Devil is in the Surplice.*

A certain reprobate buck Parson going to read prayers at a remote village in the West of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one. "Damn this old surplice," said he to the clerk, "*I think the devil is in it.*" The astonished clerk waited till the parson had got it on, and then sarcastically answered, "I think as how he is *zir*."

*An Irishman's Observation on Tythes.*

An Irishman speaking of the rapacity of the clergy, in exacting their *tythes*, said, "By Jassus, let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay *their full tenths*, whether he can or not; nay, they would find it in their heart, instead of the tenth, to take the twentieth, if the law would permit them.

*Suicide*



*Suicide punishable with death.*

An Irishman speaking of suicide, said, the only way to stop it was, *by making it a capital offence, punishable with death.*

*On Colonel Bodens.*

Colonel Bodens, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a "How d'ye," answered, "Pretty well, I thank you, *you find I hold my own.*" "Yes, Sir," rejoined the man, "*and mine too, to my sorrow.*"

*The Devil is dead.*

One speaking of a very bad man just dead, concluded with saying, "Well, let us say no more of him, he is now dead and at rest." "No, by G—d," answered a by-stander, "not at rest, unless the *Devil is dead too.*"

*The Irish Angler.*

An Irishman angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge: upon being asked the reason, he gave the following answer: "*By Jasus, all the fishes will be after crowding there, in order to keep out of the wet.*"

*Either Nephew or Niece.*

An Irish servant enquiring for Lieutenant Pallas, among other descriptions, added, he was either *nephew or niece to Colonel Wilkinson, he could not tell which.*

*There is no pleasing you.*

A drummer of the 104th regiment, executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes; the fellow, as is customary, cried out, "Strike high, strike high." The drummer, who was also an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the sufferer still continuing to roar out through pain, the drummer was offended. "The devil burn you," quoth he, "*there is no pleasing you, strike where one will.*"

*The following is taken from Lloyd's Evening Post, in 1774.*

Money wanted when it can be procured, 100l. No security can be given for the principal, and possibly the interest may not be paid punctually. Under the above circumstances, should any one be found willing to lend the desired sum, he will much surprise, and particularly oblige the author of this advertisement. Direct for A, B, C, George's Coffee-House, Haymarket.

*On a Drunkard.*

Under this stone *Jack Jug* doth lie,  
Whom *Brandy* could not save;  
*Water* was his antipathy,  
Then weep not o'er his grave.

*Curious Advertisement.*

Notice, if A B does not remove the child he left at the Widow Wishfort's lodgings nine months ago, it will be sold to defray expences. N. B. This not to be repeated.

There

There lived a man in Bellinocrazy,  
 Who wanted a wife for to make him unaisy;  
 "Why, Tom, odd zooks,  
 Those mournful looks!  
 Why thus to joy a stranger?  
 Your wife's not dead—"  
 He shook his head,  
 "Ah no, she's out of danger."

*Making a Guinea go a great way.*

Garrick once having taken a bad guinea, was saying to Foote, he would fling it to the devil. "Ah!" replied Foote, "David, you still retain the opinion I ever had of you, of making a guinea go further than any man living."

*The Protestant Stomach.*

Erasmus was reproached by the Pope, for not fasting in Lent. "My soul," said he, "is truly a Roman Catholic, but, unfortunately, *my stomach is a Protestant.*"

*Anecdote.*

Captain Christie, an Irish officer, who served in America last war, was dreadfully wounded in one of the battles. As he lay on the ground, a soldier who was near him, and was much wounded, made a terrible howling; when he exclaimed, "D—n your eyes, what do you make such a noise for, do you think that nobody is killed but yourself?"

*A Queer Morning.*

A watchman in beating his round, a few mornings ago, was sadly perplexed to find a

proper character for the weather, for he was saluted by hail, rain, and snow, at the same time; he therefore made the following sensible proclamation:—"Past four o'clock, and a queer morning."

*John Bull.*

A gentleman travelling in Wales, had his attention suddenly arrested by the appearance of a bull drawing a cart, led by an ass. An honest Welchman passing at the same time, archly exclaimed, Ah! poor John Bull, hur is sorry to see thee follow such company.

*Bon Mot.*

As Louse Pigott was scratching his head at a bookseller's in Piccadilly, a gentleman remarked that he seemed to be "troubled with republicans:" "Rather," says another, "by courtiers, if we may judge by their attachment to the crown." "True," replied a wag of opposition, "*the crown is always surrounded by vermin.*"

*Shaving.*

A wicked wag of a barber at Wednesbury, near Birmingham, has painted over his door: Democrats shaved for a penny; but aristocrats to pay three-halfpence, *on account of the length of their faces.*

A humourist hearing that a late act had passed, put the following *quere*: Does not the bill to prevent the damaging *raw hides*, extend to the case of hackney coach horses?

*The*



*The School-Boy and Muffin.*

A schoolmaster hearing one of his scholars read; the boy, when he came to the word Honour, pronounced it full; the master told him it should be spoken without the H, as thus, *onour*: “Very well, Sir,” replied the lad, “I will remember for the future.” “Ay,” said his master, “always drop the H.” The next morning the master’s tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his avocation made him wait till it was cold; when speaking to the same boy, he told him to take the muffin to the fire and *heat it*; “yes, Sir,” replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, *eat it*. Presently the master calls for his muffin; “I have eat it, as you bid me,” said the boy: “eat it, you scoundrel? I bid you take it to the fire and heat it.” “But, Sir,” answered the lad, “yesterday you told me always to drop the H.”

*Epigram. From the French.*

Give me, great monarch, pounds five-score,  
For meat and books;—I ask no more;  
Or — keep the books, and give me meat;—  
For some folks read, but all must eat.

*The Rope.*

Two persons quarrelling in a public house, one told the other “he knew what would hang him:” “You are a liar,” replied his antagonist, and I defy you to prove your words:” when the first produced a cord, and said, “*this would hang you.*”

*Women*

*Women.*

A woman is a *book*, and often found  
To prove far better in the *sheets*, than *bound*;  
No wonder then, some students take delight,  
Above all things, to *study in the night*.

*Insensibility.*

A gentleman was waked in the middle of the night, for the purpose of being informed that his father was dead; he turned again to sleep, saying, "Oh! how I shall be grieved in the morning, when I wake again."

*An artful Stratagem.*

A merry fellow came to his inn very wet and cold; and the kitchen fire so thronged, that there was no access to it. He called presently to his hostler to give his horse a peck of oysters. "You mean a peck of oats, Sir," said he. "No, sirrah, I say a *peck of oysters*." The hostler obeyed his command: all the people running from the fire-side into the stable, to see the sea-horse eat oysters. In the mean time he got the warmest seat, and they returned like fools as they went. The hostler brings him word that his horse would eat no oysters. "No?" says he, "bring them to me then, and I will eat them myself."

*The Great Duke of Marlborough.*

When Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "My Lord Duke," says the Marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world." "I hope," replied the Duke,

Duke, "you *except* those who have had the honour of beating them."

*The good Effects of bringing your Wife to Town.*

A few days since, a bookseller from Yorkshire, who generally came to London to settle with his tradesmen once a year, arrived in town, together with his lady, who had a great desire to behold the fine sights in London, as well as to see that business was transacted properly. They accordingly issued out, and discharged the booksellers they had formerly dealt with, and proceeded with great speed to the warehouse of another, with whom they intended to settle a correspondence. After the compliments of the day, Mr. and Mrs. — seated, &c. Mr. — began to tell his business; upon which his lady interrupting him, said—"My dear, you don't know any thing of the matter, I——" "Hold your tongue, my dear," replied the husband, and was again proceeding; but madam, used to different ways at home, interrupted the poor man again, and again, 'till tired and ashamed, he, in a great perturbation exclaimed, "Do as you like then;" and immediately quitting the shop, went to the Swan with two Necks, got into a coach, and was home the next day, where his lady was obliged to follow, after depriving themselves of one correspondent, and made no settlement with another.

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"Is there any person dead here?" said a man in a low voice, on observing some straw spread before a door. "Undoubtedly; and the straw is

is put there to prevent such *wise* ones as you from making a noise."

A person once reading a dull book in company, and seeing at length the white leaf at the end, exclaimed, *Courage! friends, I see land.*

"*This is not me.*"

A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, then waked him when his lot came. The scholar scratching his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "*You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me.*"

*Adieus of an Irish Soldier to a dying Comrade.*

"Be not dismayed, my honest lad, for although it is a long march to heaven, you will be sure of glorious quarters when you get there. I cannot tell you exactly how people pass their time, indeed, but, by all accounts, there is no very hard duty, unless it is that you will be obliged to sing psalms and hymns pretty constantly—that to be sure you must bear with; but then the devil a scoundrel, who delights in tormenting his fellow creatures, will be allowed to thrust his nose into that sweet plantation; so my dear, God bless you: I am convinced you will be as happy as the day is long in the other world, all the rest of your life."

*Honi*



*Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense.*

Two Lancashire hobs, not overstocked with learning, some time since going into St. Paul's chapel, at Manchester, being more engaged with what they could see than what they could hear, the king's arms, newly painted there, chanced to attract their attention ; when, observing the motto on the garter, one says to the other, *in their own dialect*, " Neaw luthee, Jim, what's that ots written ith reawnd about theer, cont mek it eawt?"—" Eigh, eigh," says Jim, " its *Honey Suit Quills made a Pens.*"—" Nay," says the other, " aw con mek it eawt better than that— *Its Honey Sweet, and Mellow Pears.*"

*Democratic Berries.*

Persons fond of fruit should be very cautious what gooseberries they eat, as a very fine large sort, of a purple brown, was introduced last year, called *Buonaparte*. No doubt they contain the seeds of revolution, and those who eat them of course must imbibe *French principles*.

*Activity.*

As a parcel of gambolling young fellows were together, trying feats of activity, up stands one of the company with a challenge. " Look ye, gentlemen," says he, you shall see me stand upon one leg a whole hour together, and I defy any man of the club to do it after me." " Nay," says one of the gang, " there is none of this company will pretend to't, sure ; but I'll shew you a goose than can, and longer than yourself."

Set

*Set thy Face against Mount-Seir.*

An honest farmer, who read the bible every Sunday, (according to the custom of better times) came lately to his rector, and asked him, "whether this war would not *go hard* with the French?" The doctor said, "If it pleased God, he hoped it would." "Nay," said the farmer, "I am sure it will, then; for thus he declares by his prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. "SON OF MAN, SET THY FACE AGAINST MOUNT-SEIR." Now my wife, who is a better *scholar than I am*, says this can be nothing but *Monsieur* the Frenchman. And in almost the next verse it is stronger than that, for there, doctor, the prophet adds, "O MOUNT-SEIR! I WILL MAKE THEE DESOLATE!"

*Pour l'Amour de Dieu.*

A poor monk went one day into a barber's shop, in Paris, and requested to be shaved, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, (i. e.) "for the love of God." The barber, not being one of those who love to sacrifice two-pence to an act of piety, treated the poor monk with a blunt razor, and water scarcely warm. Under these circumstances, it was impossible the operation could be well performed. The barber scratched and cut the poor victim of his avarice, who sat with tears in his eyes, longing to be set at liberty. In the mean time, a cat and a monkey making a noise together, at the other side of the room, the barber called to know what was the matter.—"Oh!" replied the monk, "it is only the monkey shaving the cat for the love of God."

*Parboiled-*

*Exposition of the Marriage Service.*

A Welchman had sentence of death passed upon him for having two wives, but he stormed and swore, " Uds split hur nails, hur see no reason they had to hang her for having two wives, when the priest told her, before a great people, hur might have sixteen : four petter, four worse, four richer, four poorer. (Instead of for better, &c.)

*A Solution.*

A parson, thinking to banter an honest quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time? " Where thine was," says the quaker, " before Harry Tudor's time." " Now, thou hast been free with me," added the quaker, " pr'ythee let me ask thee a question.—" Can thou tell me where Jacob was going when he was turned of ten years of age?" " No," said the parson, " nor you neither, I believe." " Yes I can," replied the quaker, " he was going into his eleventh year; was he not?"

*Epigram.*

" I'll hold a crown," quoth DICK to NED,  
 " You often wrong your Neighbour's bed;"  
 " And I," quoth NED, " will hold my life,  
 " You always had a tell-tale wife."

*Bon Mot.*

Dr. Johnson was once requested by a lady to look over a manuscript, which she put in his hand, at the same time telling him, if that would not do, she had other irons in the fire. ' Then I would advise you Madam,' said the  
 C doctor,

doctor, returning it, 'to put that where your irons are.'

### *The Long Score.*

A fire happening at a public-house, one of the crowd was requesting the engineer to play against the wainscot; but being told it was in no danger, 'I am sorry for that,' said he, 'because I have a long score upon it, which I shall never be able to pay.'

### *The Horse.*

A jocular fellow meeting an acquaintance, informed him of the good luck he had near been in, by having a horse given him, and that he and the owner parted for one word only. How was that, said his friend. Why, says he, I saw a man riding a horse.—Master, says I, give me that horse. No, says he; and if he had but have said yes, I should have had it.

### *The Big Pie.*

A vessel lately in the Guinea trade having arrived at Exeter, a Negro boy, the captain's servant, called Pompey, being on shore one Sunday about noon, observing several people resorting to a baker's for different pies which had been left in the morning, and each person throwing a penny on the counter for the baking, which he considered as the purchase money; he returned on board, exclaiming, 'Massa, Massa, give me one penny, and I will bring you one great big pie!' His master not understanding what he meant, but having a mind to humour his intentions, complied with his request: he hastened to the baker's, threw down his money, and



and the woman asking which was his? eyeing the whole group, he picked out the largest, exclaiming, ‘dis a my pie, dis a my pie:’ the woman helping it on his head, he repaired with the prize to his messmates, who were not a little gratified with an unexpected repast, procured by untutored simplicity, at the expence of some person’s hunger.

*A Prayer for Rain.*

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,  
 ‘Have mercy, Heav’n!’ the Parson cries;  
 ‘And on our sun-burnt thirsty plains,  
 ‘Thy blessing send, in genial rains!’  
 The sermon ended, and the prayers,  
 The Parson to be gone prepares;  
 When, with a look of brighten’d smiles—  
 ‘Thank Heav’n it rains!’ cries Farmer Giles.  
 ‘Rains!’ quoth the Parson—‘Sure you joke!’  
 ‘Rain! Heaven forbid!—I’ve got no cloak!’

*No King.*

A fellow was lately apprehended and taken before a magistrate for crying, ‘No King, we want no King.’ When asked what he had to say, he confessed that he had used the words, and insisted that we did not want a King, ‘for that we had a king, and a very good one.’

*Duchess of Kingston.*

The late Duchess of Kingston, was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity. Being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leaned with both her

arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, 'How dare you, Sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street?' 'Woman of quality!' replied the man.—'Yes, fellow,' replied her Grace, 'don't you see my arms upon my carriage!' 'Yes, I do, indeed,' he answered, 'and a pair of d—d coarse arms they are!'

### *The Physician.*

A physician ordered his patient to live higher, i. e. more freely. The poor man mistook the doctor, and removed to the garret, where he unfortunately expired before his next visit.

### *The Atheist.*

An Atheistical fellow, in a storm, began to use this rhetoric to God for his life: Lord, I beseech thee hear my prayer now, for thou knowest I trouble thee but seldom.

When Madame de Sevigne had told down a large sum of money for her daughter's portion, she said, "What! must I pay all this to oblige Monsieur de Grignon to lie with my daughter?" but reflecting a little, she said—True, he must lie with her to-morrow, and next day, and ever after. It is not too much.

A country gentleman riding down Cornhill, his horse stumbled, and threw him at a shop door; the mistress whereof being a pleasant woman, and seeing there was no hurt done, asked him whether his horse used to serve him so? Yes, said he, whenever he comes to the door of a cuckold: Lord, Sir, said she, I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred

dred falls else, before you come to the top of Cheapside.

A young gentleman, informed by a bill on a window of a house that apartments were to be let, knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the premises. "Pray, my dear," said the gentleman smiling, "are you to be *let* with these lodgings?"—"No" replied the charming fille de chambre, "I am to be *let* alone."

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quakers meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth, speak with great emotion against the ill consequences of giving the lye in conversation, and therefore he advised, when a man was telling a tale, that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate the person as the lye would. After digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them that they were not such loaves as are used now, but as big as a mountain; on the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang*; What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lye, friend; No, says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were* that baked them.

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-backed light galloway, about fourteen hands high;

Zounds, says Jack, this will never do for me? he is two short in the back. Oh, Sir, replies the ostler, he is the better for that. D—n him, he will not do, I tell you; get me a horse with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike.

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money; a scuffle ensued, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people, who persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of the peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said he must take his oath that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man; the sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, "He, d—n him, he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any that ever lived: therefore if this is the case, you may let him go, for d—n me if I swear to any such a lie."

A buck of the town having been kicking up a row, was taken before a justice that was crook-backed; after the witnesses was examined, "What have you to say," replied the justice, "Nothing at all, (replied the buck,) for I see you are *all on one side*."

A constable whose name was *Nott*, being upon the watch, a jolly fellow who had some little knowledge of him, was brought before him; and then demanding where the constable was; who strutting with his staff, said, I am he. You are *Nott* the constable, replied the other. Then said Mr. Constable *Nott*—I say I  
am



am the constable, and that you shall find to your sorrow, if you dare deny my authority once more. You do not hear me, replied the other, deny your authority ; for I say *you are Nott the constable*. Well, take him to the compter, says the constable.—The next morning the constable's ignorance appearing in not knowing his own name when he heard it, he was ordered to pay the fees ; and give the party he had committed, a treat of a guinea to be friends with him.

A prating barber, who asked king Archelaus how he would please to be shaved ? was answered—*In silence*.

Pytheas, the daughter of Aristotle, being asked which was the most beautiful colour, made answer—That of *modesty*.

A man happening to have high words with a butcher in St. James's Market, was at last so provoked that he raised his stick, and threatened to *give* him a good drubbing. *No, master*, says his antagonist, *it shall only be lent, and I will take care it shall be repaid with interest*.

A man going home late at night was stopped by the patroles, and asked where he was going ? he being intoxicated with liquor, told them he came from where they would like to have been, and was going where they dare not come for their ears. They then asked his name, and where he lived. My name, says he, is seven and twenty shillings, and where I live is out of the king's dominions. Upon which they took him to the watch-house. The next day he was examined before the justice, for the impertinent  
answers

answers given to the patroles. Upon which he said—Please your worship, I was at a *punch-house*, where I had good *liquor*, that made me say *they would wish to be there*; and my going home was to my *wife*, where *they had no right to come*; and my name is *Moidore*; and I live in *Little Britain*. This answer so well pleased the justice, that he discharged him immediately.

Mr. Pope, who was very much deformed, having a dispute with a hackney coachman, swore, by his usual oath—*God mend me!*—God mend you! says the coachman; *God Almighty could make a score in the time it would take to mend you.*

As a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon his two sticks, to his *noisy mansion*, he was met by a certain nobleman, who wished to know his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood. My name, answered he, is R—T—, and *I am master of this parish.*—This answer further increased his Lordship's curiosity, and he desired to know in what sense he was *master* of the parish. *I am*, answered he, *the master of the children of the parish*; the children are *masters of their mothers*; the mothers are *rulers of the husbands*; and, consequently, *I am master of them all.* His lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and presented the schoolmaster with half-a guinea, which he told him was to purchase a book.

#### *Sailor and Parson.*

In a church, not far from a famous sea-port, lived a parson and clerk, who were really originals

nals in their way. The parson, who was a Welchman, spoke so thick, there was no understanding him; and the clerk, having broken his voice in singing psalms, repeated the responses in such a querulous plaintive tone, that he seemed to be always crying. A sailor who stumbled in there one Sunday evening, was very much astonished at their proceedings; for tho' the parishioners might be acquainted with their dialect, Jack was not; however he waited with much decency and patience till service was ended, and going out, meets a brother tar. "Where have you been, Jack?" "At church." "And what did you see there?" "Why the clerk was crying," replied he, 'because he did not understand a word the parson said to him.'

#### *Advice to Eaters.*

Advice to hearty eaters, as given in Bulwer's *Anthropometapormosis*: "STRIDOR DENTITUM—ALTER SILENTIUM; RUMORGENITIUM." Which, for the benefit of country gentlemen, has been humourously Englished thus: *Work for the jaws; A silent pause; Frequent ha-has.*" An attention to this, he observes, "adjourns discourse until the belly be full, at which time men are at better leisure, and may securely venture upon table-talk; the observation of which natural rule might have saved Anacreon's life, who endangering himself this way, died by the seed of a grape."

#### *Common Sense.*

A famous Scotch highlander, being confounded with the arguments used by an English gentlemen,

tleman, against Ossian, tending to shew that it was an insult to common sense to believe so rank a forgery; answered, "The English are a stupid people, for they can conceive nothing beyond common sense." The Englishman replied, "They are much more stupid who cannot conceive common sense."

*Dr. Henniker,*

Being in private conversation with the Earl of Chatham, his Lordship asked him, among other questions, how he defined wit? "My Lord," said the Doctor, "Wit is like what a pension would be, given by your Lordship to your humble servant—*A good thing well applied.*"

*Voltaire.*

The late Empress of Russia once sent this celebrated genius a little ivory box made by her own hands. Voltaire, upon this, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually half finished a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this unfinished state he sent them to the Empress, with a charming poetical epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as she had presented him with a piece of *man's* workmanship, wrought by a woman, he thought it his duty to crave her acceptance in return, of a piece of *woman's* work from the hands of a man.

*The Generous Imposture.*

One selling the wife of Gallienus false gems for true, she called for vengeance. The Emperor ordered the man to be seized, as if to be  
thrown



thrown to lions in the amphitheatre. All sitting in horrid expectation of seeing a lion let out, only a hare appeared ; and, to appease the public wonder, Gallienus caused to be proclaimed, *He has committed an imposture, and has suffered an imposture.* A generous imposture ! and which shews that Gallienus, though effeminate, had not a bad heart.

*A Medical fact.*

An Irish surgeon, who had couched a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman, in Dublin, observed in her case what he deemed a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the *smallest needle*, or to perform any other operation, which required particular *accuracy of vision* : But that when he presented her with a book, “ she was not capable of distinguishing one *letter* from another.” This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation, when at length, by a question put by the servant who attended, it was discovered that,—*The woman had never learned to read !!!*

*Epigram.*

Friar Paul, in his cell, made his exit of late,  
Of the gravel, some say ; but no matter for that:  
He

He died, that's enough ; and, if story says right,  
Arrived at hell-gates in a pitiful plight.

"Who's there?" cry'd the demon on guard :  
quoth the other,

"A guilty priest, Sir : a catholic brother."

"Halt, instantly halt," cry'd the centry, "stand  
clear ;

Go be damn'd somewhere else, for you shan't  
enter here.

We admit no such savage, no wretch so uncivil,  
Who above eat his *God*, may below eat the  
*Devil*."

*The Bon Mot without a Joke.*

A daughter of a labourer, who had been in  
service in a pottery from her childhood, when  
weary, would be frequently wishing to be mar-  
ried, that, as she emphatically described it, she  
might *rest her bones*. Hymen at last listened to  
her prayers, and a neighbouring clod-hopper led  
her to the altar, nothing loath. Sometime af-  
terwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked  
her, "Well Mary, have you rested your bones  
yet?" Yes indeed, replied she with a sigh,  
"*my jaw-bones*."

A fine drove of bullocks being lately brought  
to Stilton barracks for the French prisoners, one  
of them, a droll fellow, exclaimed—"Sure de  
Englishman eat no more beef, now he bring all  
the bulls daddies here to be kill !"

Two sailors having strolled into St. Paul's  
church yard, one of them, observing the figures  
round the statue of Queen Anne, (representing  
Great Britain, France, Ireland, and America)  
enquired

enquired of his companion who they were? "Why the twelve apostles." "How can that be, when there is but four of them?" "D—— your eyes, (replied the other) would you have them all upon deck at once?"

A gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was. "I'se Yorkshire," said the fellow, "and ha lived sixteen years here." "I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the Inn yourself?" "Aye," answered the ostler, "so I should, but maister's York too."

A poor woman sent her son to a gentleman's house, but he staying too long, to look upon a dog that was in a wheel turning of the spit, his mother beat him soundly for it; at which he mumbled and muttered, "I am sure you would have staid as long if you had been there." She demanding the reason, "Oh, mother," said he, "it would have done you good, to see how daintily a dog in a wheel spinned roast-meat."

"I want a Young Man's Companion," says a gentleman to a bookseller; "Then here's my daughter," replies the other.

A child, the son of a coal merchant, having been frequently told of the punishment of hell-fire, one day conversing with his father, said, "Pray, papa, do you serve the devil with coals?"

Foote being at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bot-

tle of cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips. "Is it not very curious?" says his Lordship. "Perfectly so, indeed," says the other, "I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before."

One of the Dover stages, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman, but being informed by the coachman, there were no inside passengers, and only one in the basket, and he a sailor, the robber instantly proceeded to exercise his functions upon the honest tar: When waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded to know what he wanted? To which the son of Plunder replied—"Your money."—"You sha'nt have it," says Jack. "No," replied the robber, "then I'll blow your brains out." "B—st your eyes, blow away," says Jack, "I may as well be without brains as without money—Drive on coachey."

#### *Parboiled Coals.*

The Leeds and Liverpool canal company, lately employed a common councilman of the city of London as their agent to sell their PARBOILED Coals. The *learned* citizen had, in consequence, notified over his door, "Real *Par-boiled* Coals sold here."

#### *Epigram.*

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,  
His wife was plastering deary's head ;

Who



Who sigh'd, but durst not shake it!—  
 'Tis well TOM's pace is something slower;  
 For had he come an hour before,  
 He'd seen the vixen break it.

*Partnership extended.*

A tradesman, in the town of Birmingham, complained heavily of his wife and partner, and not without reason; he forewarns all persons from trusting his wife, Ann Martin, "as she is more conformable to Richard Southall, than to him." This is surely carrying partnership beyond the usual bounds.

*Comfort.*

A gentleman, whose lady produced a fine boy, six months after marriage, applied to a physician to account for this expedition. "Make yourself easy," answered the doctor, "this very often happens in the case of the *first* child, but *never afterwards*."

*Love Letter written by a Taylor.*

MADAM,

I thought at first only to give you an *item* of my passion, but now I must honestly declare, that you have cabbaged my heart; you are the north that my needle follows after; do not blunt the point of my affections, for, to tell you the truth, my goose was never half so warm. I could send you, if I had a mind, a full-trimmed suit of compliments, and the bill should only contain half a dozen kisses; and if you repented, you should have them back again with interest. Oh, that the parson was after tacking

us together, for I have not a thimble-full of favours for any one but you—I am your's, every inch of me. An unkind answer will shorten the thread of my mortal existence; and I have my shears as well as the Fates; and Shakespeare, you know, talks something of a bodkin. I don't wish to prick your heart, by telling you these things; I could say much more if I had paper, but on that account, I must cut my coat according to my cloth, and assure you that I am, your's unalterably,

ISAAC BODKIN.

A Frenchman having lately been condemned at Dublin to be hanged, when the rope was putting about his neck, exclaimed piteously, *Misericorde! Misericorde!* on which the hangman cried out, Measure the cord, you thief! its long enough to hang a dozen such rogues as you.

When Mr. Fox was canvassing for Westminster, he called on a butcher in St. James's market, to solicit his vote. The knight of the cleaver, without ceremony, thus answered his application: Sir, I admire your head, but damn your heart! To which Mr. Fox replied, Sir, I admire your candour, but damn your manners.

When Sir John Scott brought in his Bill for restricting the liberty of the press, an Irish peer suggested, that all anonymous publications should have the author's name on the title page.

When Mr. Brush and Mrs. Brush

Did to each other take;

He brush'd his brush against her brush,

And did young Brushes make.

A man

A man having been capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked, what he had to say, why judgment of death should not be passed against him; Say! replied he, Why, I think the joke has been carried far enough already; and the less that is said about it the better—if you please, Sir, we'll drop the subject.

The first time Mr. Pitt went to Cambridge after his election as member for the University, the Sophs were naturally gaping for the good things in his gift: Dr. Paley, who preached before the young minister, chose this appropriate text:—"There is a lad here that hath two barley loaves and three small fishes, but what are these among so many?"

An attorney being employed to draw the testament of a rich man, was enjoined to word it in such a manner, that no room might be left for contestation among his heirs: That, quoth the man of law, is impossible; can I go beyond Jesus Christ, whose Testament has been a perpetual source of contest for these eighteen hundred years?

An Irish gentleman hearing his mother was married again, said, in great perturbation, I hope she won't have a son older than me, for, by Jasus, if she has, I shall be cut out of the estate.

It has been observed, that a number of noblemen have the fate of Diomed and Acteon, who were eaten up by their horses and dogs.

The princess Mary, having a complaint in her stomach from eating ice, his majesty recommended it to her to have the chill taken off afterwards.

*The Remonstrance.*

When first I attempted your pity to move,  
 Ah ! why was you deaf to my prayers ?  
 Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love ;  
 But why did you kick me down stairs ?

Nell Gwyn, when mistress to Charles II. being solicited by a Sir John Germain, to whom she had lost a considerable sum of money at play, to exchange the debt for other favours, no less honestly than wittily, replied, " No, Sir John, I am too good a sportswoman to lay the dog where the deer should lie."

A young woman came to a justice of the peace in Derbyshire, to swear a bastard child ; it was not, however, till after some pressing, that she ventured to tell his worship that it was by his own son. Hearing this, he sent her away, promising to take care both of her and the child. When his son came home from hunting, he accosted him, Very well, Mr. Dick, you have been doing a pretty job, getting your own sister with child!—Indeed, father! said young hopeful. I did it quite ignorantly ; and if you mean to prevent the like in future, you must give me a list of all your bastards.

A quaker driving a calf to Manchester market, put a flaming cockade on the side of its head. Being met on the road by a friend, who asked the meaning of this, he answered—Why doesn't thou see, friend, that he is a young recruit ? Where then are you going with him ? Where ! why to the slaughter-house, to be sure.

When Lord Howe was captain of the *Magnanime*,



nanime, a negro sailor on board was ordered to be flogged: every thing being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to see the punishment inflicted, captain Howe made a long address to the culprit, on the enormity of his offence; poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, exclaimed, Massa, if you floggee, floggee, or if preachee, preachee; but no floggee and preachee too!

Thrown from her steed, a lovely maid,  
Unconscious what her fall betray'd;  
With nimble leap, her seat regain'd,  
While motionless her man remain'd;  
Why, John, you seem surpris'd! said she,  
At seeing my agility:—  
Mayhap, quoth John, that word from London came,  
But here we give it quite a different name.

Comparisons of drunkenness.—A man is said to be as drunk as an owl, when he cannot see—as drunk as a sow, when he wallows in the dirt—as drunk as a beggar, when he is very impudent—as drunk as the devil, when he is inclined to mischief—and as drunk as a lord, when he is every thing that is bad.

A certain bishop, in the course of visiting his diocese, found a rector so extremely ignorant, that he could not help exclaiming, "What ass could give you a living?" the rector answered, very respectfully, You, my Lord.

Two boys belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their respective manners of living. How often, Jack, says the one, do you go

go to prayers? Why, answered Jack, we pray when we are afraid of a storm, or going to fight. Aye, quoth the other, there is some sense in that; but my master makes us go to prayers when there is no more occasion for it than jumping overboard.

A quaker was examined before the board of excise, respecting certain duties; the commissioners thinking themselves disrespectfully treated by his thee and thouing, one of them, with a stern countenance, asked him, Pray, Sir, do you know for what we sit here? Yea, replied Nathan, I do; some of you for a thousand, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a year.

About four years ago, a gentleman in Devonshire thought he could not give a greater proof of his loyalty than in employing a number of persons to burn that notorious incendiary, Thomas Paine, in effigy. At the conclusion, one of the fellows waited on him to know if there was any other gemman among his friends that he wished to have burned, as they were ready to do it for the same quantity of beer.

A certain bruising parson having been examined as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the adverse council attempted to brow-beat him: I think you are the bruising parson? said he. I am, said the divine; and if you doubt it, I'll give it you under my hand.

Some passengers were chattering idle nonsense to a parrot hung out a window, when a devout old lady came up:—"Oh, wickedness!" exclaimed

exclaimed she, "Why do not you teach him his creed?"

A prisoner being brought to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate:—How do you live? Pretty well, Sir; generally a joint of meat and a pudding at dinner. I mean, Sir, how do you get your bread? I beg your Worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop. You may be as witty as you please, Sir, but I mean simply to ask you, how you do? Tolerably well, I thank your Worship; I hope your Worship is well?

When Billy Pitt could scarcely stand,  
 Help! help! he cried, and stretch'd his hand  
 To faithful Harry, calling;  
 Quoth Hal, My friend, I'm sorry for't,  
 But 'tisn't my practice to support  
 A minister that's falling.

A woman in France having gone to confession; the priest, by way of penance, was proceeding to give her a flagellation. As he was leading her behind the altar for this purpose, her husband, who, from a motive of jealousy, had followed her, and concealed himself in the church, made his appearance, and objecting that she was too delicate to bear the discipline, offered to receive it in her stead. This proposal the wife greatly applauded, and the man had no sooner placed himself on his knees, than she exclaimed, Now, Father, lay on lustily, for I am a great sinner.

*Epitaph.*

*Epitaph.*

Here lie I, Vander Helingbrod ;  
 Have mercy on my soul, Lord God !  
 As I would do, were I Lord God,  
 And you were Vander Helingbrod.

Charles Bannister strolling into a country church-yard with the writer of this article, a few summers since, and perusing the inscriptions which every where presented themselves, at length came to a stone, on which was engraved, from the emphatic Young—

*Where is the dust that hath not been alive ?*

Aye, says Charles, where indeed; and a damned dust it has knock'd up too.

*Acrostic on the Hon. William Pitt.*

Plac'd at the helm, the wonder of the age,  
 In Britain's noble senate firm and sage ;  
 Thy counsels to thy country's welfare tend,  
 Thou scorn'st to swerve, thy honour ne'er will  
     bend.

When Lord Harcourt succeeded Lord Townsend in the administration of Ireland, he arrived at the castle of Dublin at midnight. Lord Townsend, and a party of friends were then at their bottle; and after the first salutations, his Lordship said, I hope that in your next dispatches you will mention this circumstance, that though you came at the twelfth hour, you did not find us napping.

*An Epigram.*

When I call'd t'other day on a noble, renown'd,  
 In his great marble hall lay the bible *well bound*;  
Not



Not as printed by Jackson, and bound up in  
black,  
But chain'd to the floor like a thief, by the back.  
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,  
I suppos'd it intended for family prayers;  
His piety pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,  
Yet thought none would venture the bible to steal;  
But judge my surprize, when inform'd of the  
case,  
He had chain'd it, for fear it should fly in his  
face!

*Epitaph in Guildford Church Yard.*

Reader, pass on, ne'er waste your time  
On bad biography, and better rhyme;  
For what I am this cumbrous clay insures,  
And what I was is no affair of your's.

*Epitaph on a Physician.*

Here Doctor Fisher lies interr'd,  
Who fill'd one half of the church yard.

Dr. Egerton, late Bishop of Durham, on coming to that see, employed a person of the name of Due, as his agent, to find out the true value of the estates held by lease under him; and in consequence of Due's report, greatly raised both the fines and rents of his tenants; on which account the following toast was frequently drank in the bishopric:—May the Lord take the Bishop, and the devil take his Due.

The favourite lap-dog of a lady having bitten a piece out of a male visitor's leg, she exclaimed—Poor little dear creature! I hope it will not make him sick.

*Epigram.*

*Epigram.*

Against a gate Dick had a damsel got,  
By chance the owner overheard the plot,  
And cried, What mean you there, Sir, with  
your mate?

I only meant, said Dick, to prop-a-gate.

An astrologer was condemned to the gibbet ;  
when one asked him, why he did not foresee  
his fate, and avoid it ? I saw it clearly, said he,  
that I was to be exalted, but did not enquire of  
the stars how it was to be.

*The Family Pitcher.*

A bricklayer, some time ago, was employed  
by a gentleman at Bridgnorth, to stop a few rat  
holes, for which he was rewarded with a very  
small jug of ale. The man, after drinking the  
liquor, returned the pitcher in a very awkward  
manner, which the gentleman observing, de-  
sired him to be more careful of it, for it was  
more than twenty years old. The spark of the  
trowel rather peevishly replied, Then I am a  
Dutchman if it is not the least of its age I ever  
saw in my life.

Dr. Brown, chaplain to the Bishop of Here-  
ford, dining one day with his Lordship, in  
company with a young lady to whom he had  
paid his addresses, was asked for his toast after  
dinner ; when the Bishop, perceiving him to  
hesitate, cried—O, I beg your pardon, Doctor,  
your toast is not yet Brown.

*A Plumber's*

*A Plumber's Bill.*

Right Hon. Lady Craven, to Priest Shrub.

To mending your Ladyship's cistern	0	9	0
To a man to go to the bottom	-	0	7 6
Easing your Ladyship's waste-pipe	0	2	6
To a cock, to put in the front	-	0	5 3
To a double ball, do.	-	0	7 6
			<hr/>
			1 4 9
			<hr/>

Right Hon. Lord Craven, Dr.

To mending your Lordship's cock	0	5	3
To lengthening do. at snout	-	0	7 6
Canvas and pitch to close the hole	0	4	6
			<hr/>
			0 17 3
			<hr/>

*Curious Epitaph.*

London bred me, Westminster fed me,  
 Cambridge sped me, my sister wed me;  
 Study taught me, living sought me,  
 Learning brought me, Kendal caught me;  
 Labour press'd me, sickness distress'd me,  
 Death oppress'd me, the grave possess'd me;  
 God first gave me, Christ did save me,  
 Earth did crave me, and heaven would have  
 me.

*Peter Pindar to the Reviewers.*

Fathers of Wisdom, a poor wight befriend;  
 Oh, hear my simple prayer in simple lays;  
 In *forma pauperis* behold I bend,  
 And of your Worships ask a little praise.

E

I am

I am no cormorant for fame d'ye see;  
 I ask not all the laurel—but a sprig;  
 Then hear me, guardians of the sacred tree,  
 And stick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and legendary tale,  
 Soon will the press my tuneful soul display;  
 Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale,  
 And your petitioner shall ever pray.

My works condemn'd, the Muse with grief will  
 groan;

The censure dire, my lantern jaws will rue!  
 Know, I have teeth and stomach, like your own,  
 And that I wish to eat, as well as you.

I never said, like murd'ers in their dens,  
 Ye secret met in cloud capp'd garrets high;  
 With hatchets, scalping-knives, in shape of pens,  
 To bid, like Mohawks, hapless authors die:

Nor said, (in your Reviews together strung)  
 The limbs of butchers writers, cheek by jowl,  
 Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung,  
 Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd that, frightful as the blacks,  
 In greasy flannel caps, ye met together;  
 With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,  
 Or coat, or breeches, to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows, I'm innocent of all transgression  
 Against your *honours*, men of classic fame;  
 I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,  
 Whose *dictum* saves at once, or damns a name.

I never question'd your profound of head,  
 Nor vulgar call'd your wit, your manners  
 coarse;

Nor swore on butcher'd authors that ye fed,  
 Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horse.

I never



I never said that, pedlar like, ye sold  
Praise by the ounce, or pound, like snuff, or  
cheese;

Too well I knew, ye silver scorn'd, and gold ;  
Such dross a sage Reviewer never sees.

I never hinted that, with half a crown,  
Books have been sent you by the scribbling  
tribe;

Which fee has purchas'd pages of renown,  
No !—for I knew you'd scorn the paltry bribe.

I ne'er aver'd ye critics, to a man,  
For pence, would swear the owl excell'd the  
lark ;

Nor call'd a coward gang, your grave divan,  
That stabb'd, like base assassins, in the dark.

I never prais'd or blam'd an author's book,  
Until your wise opinions came abroad ;

On these with holy reverence I look,  
With you I prais'd, or blam'd, so help me  
G—d.

The fam'd Longinus, all the world must know,  
The gape of wonder Aristarchus drew ;

As well as Alexander's\*, tutor to  
All ;—all great critics, gentlemen, like you.

Did any ask me—Pray, Sir, your opinion  
Of those Reviewers, who so bold bestride  
The world of learning, and with proud domi-  
nion,

High on the backs of couching authors ride !

Quick have I answer'd, in a rage, Odd's blood !

No works like their's such criticism convey ;

Not all the timber of Dodona's wood,

E'er pour'd more sterling oracle than they.

\* Aristotle.

Did others cry, Whate'er their brains indite,  
 Be ~~sure~~ is excellent—a partial crew !  
 With *Io Pæans* usher'd to the light,  
 And prais'd to folly in the next Review !

This was my answer to each snarling elf ;  
 (My eye-balls fill'd with fire, my mouth with  
 foam)

Zounds ! is not justice due to one's dear self ?  
 And should not charity begin at home ?

Full often I've been question'd, with a sneer,  
 Think you one could not bribe 'em ?—Not a  
 nation ?

A beef-steak, with a a pot or two of beer,  
 Might save a little volume from damnation.

Furious I've answer'd, Lo, my Lord Carlisle  
 Implores, in vain, a seat in Fame's old temple ;  
 Though you applaud, their Wisdoms will not  
 smile,  
 And what they disapprove is surely simple.

Could gold succeed, enough the Peer might  
 raise,  
 To buy the shirtless critics o'er and o'er ;  
 'Tis merit only can command their praise,  
 Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More.

The *Search for Happiness*, that beauteous song,  
 Which all of us would give our ears to own ;  
 The *Captive*\*, *Percy*, both like mustard strong,  
 That woeful, force from pity's soul the groan.

Hail, Bristol town ! Bæotia now no more,  
 Since Garrick's Sappho sings, though rather  
 slowly ;

\* A pair of Tragedies.

All hail, Miss Hannah! worth, at least, a score,  
Aye, twenty-score of Chatterton and Rowley.

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy;  
Great Newton's self this failing did inherit;  
Thus frequent *you* avoid the public eye,  
And hide in lurking holes a world of merit..

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,  
When from your bow'r, with bats, you wing  
the dark;  
And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for  
prey,  
Dining with good Duke Humphrey, in the  
Park.

Meek Sirs! in frays ye choose not to appear,  
A circumstance most nat'ral to suppose;  
And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear  
Some angry bard should pull you by the nose..

The world's loud plaudit, lo! ye don't desire,  
Nor do ye hastily on books—decide—  
But first, at every coffee-house enquire,  
How in its favour runs the public tide..

There *wisdom* often, with a critic wig,  
The face demure, knit brows, and forehead  
scowling;  
I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,  
Musing for faults, or if you'll have it, *owling*..

*No distinction at the gallows.*

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were  
condemned to be hanged the same day at Ty-  
burn, the first for an exploit on the highway,  
the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The high-  
wayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the

cart with alacrity ; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive ; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer ; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, Keep farther off, can't you ?—Sir, replied the sweep, I *won't* keep off ; and let me tell you, I have as much *right* to be *here* as you.

### *The Fat Abbé.*

An abbe, who was very large and fat, coming late in the evening to a city, and meeting with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate. I believe so, says the peasant, looking at him jocosely ; for I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning.

### *The Naval Subaltern.*

Ben Block was a vet'ran of naval renown,  
 And renown was his only reward ;  
 For the Board still neglected his merits to crown,  
 And no int'rest he held with my Lord !  
 Yet brave as old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,  
 And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar !  
 When the death-dealing broadside made worms-  
     meat of men,  
 And the cuppers were streaming with gore !  
 Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke  
 The staunch tar to despise scanty prog ;  
     But



But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack  
his joke,

And drown care in a jorum of grog !

Thus year after year, in a subaltern state,

Poor Ben for his king fought and bled ;

'Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his  
pate,

And the hair from his temples had fled ;

When, on humbly saluting with sinciput bare,

The first Lord of the adm'rality once ;

Says his Lordship, Lieutenant you've lost all  
your hair,

Since I last had a peep at your sconce !

Why, my Lord, replied Ben, it with truth may  
be said,

While a bald-pate I long have stood under ;

There have so many captains walk'd over my  
head,

That to see me quite scalp'd, 'twere no won-  
der.

### *The Miser's Legacy.*

An old miser was on his death-bed, verbally  
declaring his last intentions, but alas ! his eldest  
son had offended him past forgiveness, by his in-  
attention to money matters, and vain were the  
endeavours of surrounding friends to intercede  
for him. I leave my second son, Andrew, said  
the dying man, my whole estate, and desire  
him to be frugal. Andrew, in a sorrowful tone,  
prayed heaven to prolong his life, that he might  
long enjoy it himself. I recommend Simon,  
my third son, to Andrew's care, leaving him  
four thousand pounds. Ah, father, said Simon,  
may heaven grant you to live and enjoy it your-  
self ! As for you, Dick, said he, to his eldest son,  
you

you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to any good; you'll never be rich: I leave you a shilling to buy you a halter. Ah, father! cried Dick, may heaven restore you, and permit you to enjoy it yourself!

*The Medicine Chest.*

A careless surgeon of a man of war,  
Who seldom minded much the sickly tar,  
But always, with him whatsoe'er the matter,  
Prescrib'd a plenteous dose of *salt sea water*:  
Wishing once to have a cruize ashore,  
His friends, perhaps, to visit, or a ———.  
In going down the vessel's lofty side,  
He got a slip, and plung'd into the tide:  
On deck, the captain strutting to and fro,  
Heard the loud splash and bustle down below,  
And calling in a sharp imperious tone,  
Desir'd to know, *what fun was going on*.  
Only, Sir, cry'd a tar who lov'd his jest,  
The doctor's slipt into his *Med'cine Chest*.

*King James the First.*

King James I. once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which that king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon; but asked, what connection swearing had with it? He answered, Since your Majesty came out of your way, I could not do less than go out of mine to meet you.

*The Player.*

A country performer, after having ranted away the two first acts of Othello, in the interval  
before

before the commencement of the third, stepped out of the theatre, and well knowing his sable general-ship had no provision for his supper, after the fatigue of the character he was enacting, popped into a poulterer's shop, opposite the play-house entrance, and purloined a brace of fine patridges; after which he returned to his station, and went on very pathetically with the lines—

What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?  
I saw it not, thought it not—it harm'd not me;  
I slept the night well, was free and merry,  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

When a pointer belonging to a sportsman in the pit, invited by the powerful scent of the game, jump'd on the stage, and re-stole from the Moor, what he had just filched from the dealer in fowls. The actor finding himself thus detected, turned towards the audience, as the animal was escaping with his prize to his master, and went on in his part with extraordinary feeling and emphasis :

He that is robb'd, not knowing what is stol'n,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Anecdote of Whiston.*

The celebrated Whiston dining with Lady Jekyll, sister to Lord Somers; she asked him, why God Almighty made a woman out of the rib? Whiston, after reflecting a moment, replied—Indeed, my Lady, I don't know; except it was, because the rib is the crookedest part of the body.

*The Schoolmaster.*

A country schoolmaster once, a great enemy to idleness, thinking the old copy, Laziness will  
cloath

cloath a man with rags, not sufficiently expressive, altered it, and gave it to one of his scholars thus, ' Laziness will cloath a man with nakedness.'

*Catherine Hall.*

An old lady, meeting a Cambridge man, asked him, " How her nephew behaved himself ? Truly, Madam, says he, he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall* (a College.) I vow, said she, I feared as much ; he was always hankering after the *wenches* from a boy.

*Swimming in the Head.*

An Irish fellow, in a bad state of health, applying at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, told the physician who examined him, That he had water in his head. " I suppose," said the doctor, " you have a *swimming* there." Why, ay, my dear honey, replied Teague, so I have ; but how could that be, if there was no *water* there ?

*A Smart Reply.*

Aprior having guests to dinner, caused his servants to mingle water with the wine, that it might stretch the farther ; and perceiving one of the monks to be very talkative, said unto him, " Brother, when will your mill leave clacking ?" " It cannot leave off, Sir," quoth the monk, " as long as you give it so much *water*."

*Arabian Anecdote.*

A person was found in the streets carrying an empty wine jar. The officer of police commanded him to receive the number of stripes settled by the law to be inflicted on a drunkard.

" What



“What is my fault?” said the man, “Thou hast with thee,” replied the officer, “the instrument of intoxication.” “True,” rejoined the culprit, “and I have likewise about me the *instrument* of adultery; inflict upon me also the punishment for that crime.” The officer laughed, and let the man go.

*Sublime Poetry.*

In the 74th Psalm of Sternhold and Hopkins’s version, will be found the following curious lines. David is addressing the Divine Being, and thus exclaims—

“Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,  
And hide it in thy lap!  
O! pluck it out, and be not slack,  
To give thy foes a *rap*.”

*Henry IVth and the Abbot.*

Henry IV. being given to the love of other women besides his queen, was sharply reprov'd by a rich abbot, his confessor. The king seemed to take the rebuke well; and invited him that day to dine with him, where the abbot fed very heartily upon a dish of roasted partridges. His Majesty observing this, asked him why he did not eat of some other dishes, which he thought better. The abbot told the king, nothing could be better to him than roasted partridges, for it was his beloved dish above all others. The next day the king caused the abbot to be arrested, and committed close prisoner to the Bastile; with a strict command to the keeper to let him have no meat but roasted partridges; which at first pleased the abbot; but, having no other diet for a week together,

gether, he began to nauseate it. At the week's end the king sent for him under pretence of examining him; and have urged him to a confession of the treason he charged him with, the abbot pleaded his innocence, and confessed nothing. Well, said the king, since you are so obstinate, you must e'en go to prison again: to which the abbot replied, I do beseech your Majesty, if I must be confined, that I may be ordered some other diet. Why, what diet have you had? said the king: Nothing, answered the abbot, but partridges. Why, said his Majesty, you told me that was the diet you loved best. 'Tis true, said the abbot, but always *partridges*! I now *loath* them, and beg other food. Very well, replied the king: It is just so with me. I love my queen above all women in the world, but *always the queen, always the queen*!—this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire *change of diet* as well as you do. So laughing at the abbot he set him at liberty.

### *A Bill of Parcels.*

The following curious item appeared in a bill delivered into the hands of the Treasurer of a Soup Society, by a Caledonian bricklayer—

The Gentlemen of Great Marlow, Dr.

For <i>hanging a cooper</i> to make	} 15s. 6d.
<i>soup for the poor people</i>	

FINIS.

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